

MAN SHOULD BE TAUGHT HOW TO LIVE, NOT HOW TO DIE.

CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER

(MONTHLY)

DEVOTED TO SELF-CULTURE, LITERATURE,
SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

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Path-Finder Contributors:

HELEN WILMANS

D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

JAMES KERMODE

JOHN F. MORGAN

THOMAS POWELL, M. D.

LOUISE AMBROSE CONABLE

AND OTHERS

10c a Copy at News Stands

Edited by
• EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE •

Address: The Conable Publishing Company, 1429 Arnold St., Los Angeles, Cal.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

—It is said that very few people commit suicide by drowning in the Los Angeles river. Most people that go out this way prefer to be entirely covered up with water—is doubtless the reason.

—We wish to again thank our friends for the work they are doing in securing new subscribers for *THE PATH-FINDER*. One lady, over seventy years of age, in Sacramento, has already sent in twenty new names, and she states that she will soon have fifty more. Before the year closes every postoffice in the United States should be receiving a good-sized bundle of *PATH-FINDERS*.

—With the thermometer reaching somewhere in the eighties here in Southern California, few of us are taking more than a casual interest in the eastern threatened coal strike. Some of our eastern friends sojourning for a brief period on the coast, who recently left for home in order to get warm, should look in upon us at this writing. We are penning this paragraph out in the shade on the lawn in our shirt sleeves. But this is early in the afternoon. A few hours hence, when the "sun sinks to rest 'neath the amethyst sea," there will be a change—about forty degrees. It is these sudden downward leaps of the temperature that gives us easterners cramps in the midriff, and the cold waves that skirt up our backs—or back up our skirts—are enough to give a tuberculosis microbe the lockjaw.

—Because some of the officials of the Armour Packing Company were compelled to testify to certain things that proved their criminal acts, their attorneys put up the plea that they should be acquitted, or rather that all indictments against them should be quashed. It's pretty tough to make a fellow testify to his own iniquities, but then he should not be iniquitous. That's the only way to keep out of trouble—don't get into trouble. But anything that will destroy the infamous packing industry may be regarded in the light of a permanent boost to a higher state of civilization. If we feel the necessity of entering a protest against a system that compels us to admit that we are criminals, it were well that we ceased to be criminals. These packing-morgue proprietors are no better than any of the rest of us. Let the law take its course.

—Some years ago the writer predicted that the missionary incubus in China would ultimately have the effect of arousing that great nation up to the necessity of putting itself on a war footing. These predictions are being verified sooner than we expected. Already the labor of making China a fighting nation is under way. Look out for results, you "Christian" people who cannot rest quietly and allow a peaceful nation to do its

own praying in its own way. China once "civilized" and "Christianized," there will be something besides firecracker explosions heard in the land, and it will take something stronger than a mere Congressional measure to exclude these Mongolians. This is no joking matter. It is a serious proposition; still it will not be so very serious if only the responsible ones are made to suffer. With China on a war footing, it will take all the "Christian" nations of the world to subdue her. With a population of over four hundred million, and with Japan as one of her sure allies, she will walk over the earth as do the deadly armies of white ants in South America. Don't press the Chinaman too hard. The Mongolian worm will surely turn if you keep your foot on his throat too long.

—What's the matter with Illinois? Three clergymen in one week gone wrong—self-confessed degenerate criminals of the most beastly order. And one of them in particular (who committed suicide rather than face his crimes) the most distinguished and prominent in the State outside of Chicago. What are we coming to? Must we begin to post detectives in our church pews the same as we do in modern department stores in order to protect the innocent youth? It would seem so. But we are not expecting very much within the aura of the Chicago stock yards. This festiferous crime-breeding resort is sending more men and women to hell, and faster, than all the other dens of infamy combined. There should be a war of extermination against the Chicago and all other stock yards. This war should consist in renouncing the deplorable meat habit. The poison generated in the flesh of an animal that is about to be slaughtered carries with it disease and death, and the vibrations sent forth from these slaughter pens feed and stimulate desires for lust and murder.

—*THE PATH-FINDER* recently received a pleasant call from Mr. Van R. Wilcox, the gentleman who spanned the continent of the United States with no other vehicle than that provided him by nature. He reported the most interesting experience of his life. From a physical standpoint, Mr. Wilcox was looking superb. Mr. Wilcox was once given up by the doctors to die. He felt that he was not yet prepared to make the transition in as good shape as a man should be in, so he proceeded to walk East across the continent. He not only regained his health, but the long continued outdoor exercise gave him such an amount of strength and renewed vigor that he astonished all his friends as well as the doctors, who had passed "judgment" upon him. Outdoor life in moderation is the greatest curative agent in the world. Here one is forced to do natural things and live a natural life. Renewed

vigor and vitality must follow as a matter of course.

—The writer and his family are indebted to Mr. Otto Carque for several delicious samples of his "California Grape Nectar"—unfermented grape juice. Mr. Carque is interested in a big plant at Geyserville, Cal., where he has been during the fall and winter putting up great quantities of pure grape juice for the market. The varieties submitted to us are the finest we have ever tasted, and the price is little more than one-half what the other brands of grape juice are selling for. Mr. Carque has opened, on the corner of Seventh and Hill streets, Los Angeles, an establishment to be known as the Sanitas Pure Food Company. This is something Los Angeles has long needed. Mr. Carque is an expert on foods, and we can commend him to all *PATH-FINDER* readers who are in search of only pure and nutritious edibles.

—We Sundayed at the Ross ranch, Etiwanda, recently. We went out to inspect the frame-work of their big new residence which is now nearing completion, and incidentally to see if it suited us. But Mr. Ross at once put up the bars. A year ago, when we were out at this magnificent ranch, Mr. Ross offered it to us for \$25,000. Now he says we can't get it for a cent less than \$40,000, and maybe not for that sum. We did not have the change with us or the bargain would have been clinched on the spot, for fear Brother Ross might raise another \$10,000 soon as he gets his returns from the winter orange picking. Occasionally these "grangers" get a price for their products that sends up their expectations for the future clear beyond the reach of even a magazine publisher. Then again these expectations drop, and they want to give their ranches away to some one who will guarantee to liquidate the water privileges. But friend Ross is in possession of a *real* ranch, and he is getting rich. They tell me he is making enough money annually to pay Burnell for a full course of lessons. If this is true, we may soon read in the papers that "C. Newton Ross, Esq. President of the Citrus National Bank of Etiwanda, is about to build and endow a beautiful retreat for the hundreds of New Thought aeronauts, whose skylights have sprung a-leak in the superhuman but vain effort to convince the world that there is no such thing as matter—that all is spirit." And yet when we relax into a recreative mood and want to crowd all our cares and burdens and sorrows into week-before-last, we "blow" ourselves for a round trip ticket to Etiwanda. Here we feast, talk philosophy, play with the children and come home full of orange juice, ready to take up the four-reins of life's duties with greater vigor and energy than ever. And all this because we like the Rosses.

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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL.

Divine Rights.

ALL MEN are created equal—on this glorious North American continent. Let no patriotic citizen of this country forget that. The constitution of these United States says nothing about the exclusive Divinity of kings or priests. Every man is a Divine creation himself. Every man is equal to the best and inferior to none. The Creative power of this Universe delegates none of its offices to anything that wears flesh, but it *has* made man, and every atom of him, Divine in every sense of the word. Man is a *self*-creator; this because within him is housed a Divine, Eternal Life put there by the Infinite Creative Hand. The physical structure of every human being is filled with this Divine Force. Wherein some of us appear to fall short of our neighbors is in our physical development—in the encasement which houses this Divine Life.

It is only through stupid ignorance that we have presumptuous teachers who claim superiority over others of God's creatures; who proclaim the Divinity of one class of people to the exclusion of another class.

But "the power of God" is not alone vested in the people of this favored section of the globe. It extends everywhere and is in everything. No human being is filled with a "saving grace" that is dissimilar to that vested in every other human being. We may not know just how to bring into manifestation the Divine wisdom within us because of physical obstructions; because of our failure to recognize the existence of the Creative power which is ours by Divine right and of which no mortal can deprive us.

There are world-teachers, so-called, and ever have been. Their province has been to lead the race into a conscious

understanding that all life emanates from the same source, and that all life is Inspired. That is to say, that every atom of so-called physical growth is filled with a Divine Spark from the Infinite Creative source.

Christ never claimed for Himself anything that any other created thing did not possess. Within the physical form of the man Jesus was housed the "Father;" the Divine, Eternal entity; a creative substance "not made by hands." Within every other human structure the same "Father" dwells. Christ knew this and taught it. Every other world-teacher has set forth the same eternal truths. It has remained for modern un-civilization to set itself up as a bigger man than Jesus, while delegating to itself specific powers which the Divine Christ repudiated.

Yes, all men are created equal. All men are Divine. All men possess a Divine prerogative, but not to the exaltation of one above another.

When one "ascends" the ladder to a King's crown, it is not because of any "Divine right" which he holds over and above his fellow-man. It is because an Incarnating Ego has been attracted to the physical body which requires the experience that can only be had while housed in this particular physical form.

When one "ascends" the ladder to any other "exalted" position, as President of a Republic for instance, or as head of a great religious sect, it is not because of the possession of a "Divine right" to hold such elevated position, or that the holder thereof is given a specific Divine right or power to "lord it" over his "inferiors." It is for the same reason as given above.

My attention has recently been called to the statements of certain of the churches' representatives in claiming for themselves specific Divine rights and powers and privileges which are not accorded to the laity. This same authority claimed that the President of the United States and other governmental officials were a privileged class by virtue of Divine authority vested in them by the "Power" from above. What this particular "Power" is was not stated, but it is supposed to come from the Supreme Creator.

I am satisfied that this claim must have amused "Teddy" not a little, since "Teddy" is not the sort of functionary to either exalt himself above his fellows or take orders from any source whatsoever.

The government of the United States

is a government of the people, for the people and by the people. The people select their servants to assist in carrying into effect the letter and spirit of the Constitution which was made and executed by the representatives of the people for the protection and government of the people. No officer in authority has any claim to a Divine prerogative greater than that vested in all the rest of the people. And certainly no church dignitary or ecclesiastical functionary stands on a higher pinnacle, in the matter of specific privileges accorded by the great God above, than the humblest of the humble.

The French revolution was the result of persecutions by an ecclesiastical dynasty that enjoyed special "Divine" privileges. The revolution in Russia has its origin under the influence of the same "Divine" right. Practically all the bloodshed of the world is the result of long centuries of this same "Divine" influence.

The world has ever been at war in the name of Christianity—not for the purpose of civilizing, educating and Christianizing the masses, no, but to keep the masses in abject ignorance and slavery to crowned heads and purple-robed priesthood, on whom the people were made to believe the Lord of the Universe had bestowed specific Divine privileges.

Never was such rot! Never was such imposition on the credulity of an enslaved people!

But the world is growing wiser. The masses are rising up swifter and oftener. Glimpses of the realities have reached their vision. Revolution is in the air everywhere, and it means something. It means that the people have been deprived of their rights and liberties—religious, political and social—long enough. A change is in sight. It is close at hand. The people—all the people—are going to come into the fullness of the same Divine prerogative that has heretofore been vested in the few—in the kings, in the priests, in the political bosses, in the trust magnates, in the social "four hundred" and in all the rest of the fake and frost-bitten "Divine" rights propaganda that is responsible for all the ignorance, poverty and crime that today infects a prostrate and bleeding race.

Just at this time the struggle may appear to be incipient, but the blazing torch is present just the same. Soon it will grow brighter and brighter. The ranks of the great enslaved masses will girdle the earth. There will be no foe powerful enough to check their onward sweep. They are marching to the luminous goal of equal rights and justice to all men—the first time in the history of civilization—and the goal will be reached.

The masses of the old world are beginning to undo the wrongs under which they have suffered for past centuries. The new world has heeded the lesson and has escaped to a degree, but not entirely. The same mighty constricting

power which has so long dungeoned every subject whose outstretched hands appealed for a single spark of human justice and liberty, is powerfully entrenched between the two great waterways, but thanks to the spirit of liberty which sent our forefathers to the far-off shores of the Occident, these trenches will be stormed and taken, and the "Divine" rights fakir will sink into oblivion.

Kings and priests and all the rest of the robbers of equal rights and human liberty, will step aside to let the on-coming legions plant everywhere the flaming banner on whose folds the world will read this message of light: "Divine Rights is the property of every human soul. All men are equal."

More Victims.

UNDER the heading of "The Social Evil," we, last month, referred to the part taken in the ruination of women by some of the swell cafes and "grills" of the city. Since this article appeared many have been the communications to the editor applauding his fearless criticisms of a system of young girl debauchery that has no parallel in its ruinous and criminal tendencies.

This morning we pick up a Los Angeles daily paper and read:

"With haste and secrecy a pretty Los Angeles waitress, Miss Minnie Blough, was hustled into her grave thousands of miles away yesterday.

"She is claimed to have died from the bursting of a blood vessel during a Bohemian revel with a rich young swell, expiring in an ambulance in which she was hurried away.

"Her body was packed off by train and buried at her family's home in the East yesterday. The young man is said to have paid the bills.

"In their frantic efforts to 'hush it up,' not even the coroner was notified.

"Minnie Blough's pretty face will be missed from the Bohemian cafes like the Del Monte and Imperial, where the gilded youth gloated over her; but other victims pretty enough to help them forget her will likely be found."

Minnie Blough is another victim of these gilded hell-holes here in Los Angeles. In this case, however, the victim was a working girl. She was young and pretty, and had recently come to the "Angel City" from Michigan. She easily obtained employment in the "swell" cafes because of her attractive appearance. Rich young swags who patronize these resorts, wine and champagne this girl until she became reckless, and under the influence of stimulants and the blandishments of lustful patrons, the rest was easy.

Minnie's brain was clouded over. The early teachings at the home fireside away back by the lakes, were forgotten. She had drifted into an entirely new

world. There were no such allurements in the quiet old home town of her birth, so when the dazzling lights of the underground dens flitted across her pathway, and the strains of orchestral music sank deep into her soul, Minnie was tempted to seek employment. She found it and—the rest is the tragic ending.

But who and where is the gilded debaucher in whose company Minnie was found when the dark hand of death closed its icy fingers over her frail body? His name is omitted from the reports. The papers say that the doctor who was in attendance declines to reveal the name of the girl's companion, claiming that the young man paid the bills and that it was a case of "professional confidence" with him. It is also said that the young "blood" was "quite annoyed" over the circumstance.

The body of the dead girl was shipped out of the city to her home in the East. No investigation, and no coroner's inquest.

Since the above was written public sentiment in Los Angeles has been so aroused that official investigation was demanded. It was found that a middle-aged widower named Mortimer C. Helmer, a broker, was the companion of Minnie Blough on the night of her tragic ending. Helmer had been going with Minnie for a couple of months. He visited the Imperial, Del Monte and other dives with her frequently. On the night of the tragedy Helmer and a companion (a Los Angeles married man whose name is still kept a secret) met Minnie and her sister and another girl at the Imperial Cafe. From here the party went to the Del Monte Tavern and took a private room. The Del Monte Tavern proprietors say that they conduct an ultra-fashionable hostelry and are patronized by the best people in the city. They carry both saloon and liquor restaurant licenses. The police say that the place is a "theoretical" hotel, which means, in plain English, that it is an assignation house, pure and simple. The rooms on the upper floor are all arranged for this purpose. They keep a "blind" register as an outward show of respectability, but no patrons ever go there with baggage.

After taking a few drinks, Helmer took Minnie to his private room in a private lodging house. The married man took the other girls to another hotel. This was at about half past twelve at night. A little later Minnie commenced to suffer with severe pains in the abdomen. Helmer called a doctor. It was found that the girl was seriously ill. The doctor phoned for an ambulance, in the meantime making an examination of the girl. It was found that a blood vessel had burst and the hemorrhage which resulted could not be controlled. The girl died just as the ambulance reached the hospital.

Helmer now lays the blame of the meeting on the girl. All the evidence goes to show that Minnie Blough was of a good, well-to-do family residing near Clarksville, Mich., and the girls had always been modest, quiet and lady-like. She came to Los Angeles a few months ago and went to work in a restaurant as waitress. All the patrons of this restaurant speak in the highest terms of her.

Los Angeles is full of cafes and lodging houses and hotels of the most disreputable and iniquitous character. Young girls are led into these places without knowing what they are getting into; induced to drink and the rest follows.

Only a short time ago, in one of these resorts, a party of half a dozen swells of the town took the girl cashier, got her intoxicated, and each one in turn assaulted her. They paid the porter thirty dollars to say nothing about it. These young reprobates belonged to the bon-ton society of the town.

It is gratifying to note that the city authorities are making what appears to be a searching and earnest move to wipe out a lot of these dens of infamy. Most of them are located right in the heart of the business center. They catch the innocent and unsuspecting. Once any of the private rooms of these resorts are entered by a woman, there is no escape.

*Soon, tender blades of grass will make green the resting place of the cruelly tortured body of unfortunate Minnie Blough.

Will there be no recompense? Will no adequate punishment come to the debaucher who revels in the depths of abnormal lust?

If not, whither are we drifting?

But there is another Court of Justice whose jurisdiction no man dares challenge. The blanched faces of the victims are all the witnesses that are summoned. Judgment is passed and there is no appeal. This is the Court of Last Resort.

It is said that the keepers of vile dens, where youth is debauched and virtue despoiled, are the first upon whom judgment is passed.

It is also said that in the long ago, virtue of women was so persistently trafficked in that whole cities crumbled into dust.

Some day, unless "the fates" step in and intercede, this "beautiful" "Angel" City by the sea will sink out of sight.

"Pulling Death's Sting."

UNDER the above heading we find the following in a New York dispatch of recent date:

"That at the moment of death the quality of suggestion on the mind is at its maximum, and that through hypnotic suggestion patients given up by physicians may be brought back to life, is the latest discovery of Dr. John D. Quack-

cnbos, as announced at a "metaphysical evening," held by the Entertainment Club last night. Dr. Quackenbos cited an instance, where last June, he said, he saved the life of a patient who had been given up by the physicians.

"Her condition," he said, "was the same as a death sentence—temperature, 107½, pulse 160, respiration 60—and the attending physicians had withdrawn from the case, as beyond the pale of hope.

"He stood by the woman's bedside and said: 'Adele, you cannot die. Come back; you have work to do on earth. Do not dare to say it is too late. Assume immediate control of your physical condition, and get well.'

"Gradually the mental mist cleared away," said the doctor. "The physical strength returned, and today the girl is perfectly well."

That great feats may be accomplished through the medium of hypnotic suggestion, so-called, there is not the slightest doubt, but that the *dead* are ever brought to life through this means is an entirely different proposition. That many persons are given "certificates of death" by attending physicians when the Ego has not severed its connection with the body, but is simply absent from the body for a brief period, is also true. But no person was ever brought to life after the Ego has entirely severed its connection with the body. All "resurrections of the dead" through hypnotic suggestion are *not* resurrections at all. Animation is simply induced by the return of the Ego to its habitation; not, however, after the life ligaments connecting the Ego with the body have been severed, but before severance takes place. The absence of animation in the body and the cessation of the heart's action by no means evidence the presence of death—the complete severance of the Ego from the body. This is where all the doctors fail. They know nothing about the workings of the Spirit Entity. All the colleges are dumb on this subject. They have to do only with the physical body, and all the honest ones admit that they know very little about this. It is all theory and guess-work.

The only way to tell when a "corpse" is really *dead* and when the Divine Life has permanently withdrawn, is when evidences of mortification are present. Nothing is *certain* before this.

Only recently a young girl in Texas, who was about to be buried, sat up in her coffin. She is now living and in good health. The attending physician pronounced her dead, and you know when a doctor says any one is dead the first thing to do is to stick the inanimate body under ground just as speedily as possible.

This is all wrong. No burial should ever take place in the absence of evidences of mortification. Otherwise bur-

ials alive are likely to take place any time.

Schools of psychology and study of the occult sciences are fast revolutionizing the old school system of belief and practice, and the purely psychological student is stumbling up against many things that have already brought discredit on the purely "physical scientist."

The idea that any one can be brought back to life again, or ever has been, when really *dead*, is preposterous. There was undoubtedly an *appearance* of death—when the body was in a comatose state for hours or days or weeks, as the case may be; when all physical means for detecting a single spark of life failed to record a pulse-beat or the flow of blood through the veins, but *death* was *not* a reality. There was simply a temporary suspension of animation caused by the temporary withdrawal of the Eternal Life Principle—the Ego—from the body.

Webster defines "death" as being "deprived of life." So far, he is correct, but not very explicit. But he goes farther and says that death is an "inanimate" state, which is *not* correct.

The word "death" means much more than is generally understood by the world at large. An "inanimate" body is not necessarily a *dead* body. A *dead* body is one that has been entirely surrendered by the Ego. It may become inanimate a thousand times and still be alive. There are imperceptible (to the physical eye) ligaments holding together the physical body and the Divine body. These ligaments are elastic and the two bodies may be separated at times great distances, one from the other, and still these slender threads remain intact, but during the absence of the Divine life the physical body is inanimate—not dead—but animation is restored when the Divine life returns and again takes possession of the body. It often transpires that people are pronounced dead and are buried when this animating force—the Ego—is still allied to the physical body; the life ligaments are still intact.

It is not an unusual thing for the strong suggestionist, or hypnotist, to "restore life" under such circumstances, but *never* when once the Ego has completely severed its connection with the body.

I may be excused for speaking positively on this subject. Any one may be excused for asserting a fact which he has repeatedly proven in his own case.

The world is today in search of truths—truths affecting its present and future existence. Mere theories are an extinct product. The "scientist" of this generation must know his business, else his "message" will fall flat. He must be able to distinguish between inanimate life and inanimate death. If he cannot do this, he must keep in the background until such time as his turn comes to *know* what he is talking about.

Suggestive therapeutics is a mighty

factor when handled by the expert. It is capable of neutralizing many of the ills of life, even to dissipating them entirely, but it cannot reclaim the dead. It cannot restore life in the presence of death. This was never accomplished in all the history of the world. The Nazarene did not do this; he did not attempt to do it. He knew such a thing was impossible. He knew and understood the law of life and death, so never undertook the task of raising the *dead*, biblical historical writers to the contrary notwithstanding. Christ restored animation in bodies lying in a trance state, but He never raised the *dead*. No one ever did this, and no one ever will do it. It is out of the realm of possibilities. It would be in direct violation of the Supreme Law, which is neither changed nor amended.

Let no one think that the *dead* has ever been brought back to life. It is a mistaken idea. No power, either human or divine, can *mend*, or weave together, the life ligaments which hold the Ego to the physical body, when once these ligaments are severed.

You may say that everything is possible with Divinity. True, but Divinity never sets aside or annuls its own laws. When death actually takes place—when the Divine entity has run its course in a physical body and severed all connection with that body, it would be a strange Creative Power which would permit or allow some fool hypnotist to intervene and set aside the fundamental principles of all life growth, and temporarily patch up the job. No, things are not done this way. When a person *dies* he is *dead*, but he is not dead until he *does* die. A mere inanimate body is no evidence of death. The temporary cessation of blood circulation in the body, even for a month, does not prove that death has taken place. Nothing short of evidence of approaching decomposition should warrant the issuance of a death certificate by any doctor.

Many people want their friends buried while they look natural. And hence it is that many persons are buried before they are dead.

Don't be too anxious to get your friends and relatives underground—unless you are the beneficiary named in a big life insurance policy, and even then it were better not to appear too anxious.

And don't you ever take any stock in the stories about people bringing the dead to life. It can't be done, never was done and never will be done.

—The splendid articles by Helen Wilmans are being received with great favor by PATH-FINDER readers. They are *brainy* productions, and the best of it is Mrs. Wilmans is uncovering some great truths that affect the lives of every human being.

Second Trial of Helen Wilmans

THE second trial of Helen Wilmans began on the 22d of February. There were four indictments against her. She won on three of them and lost on the fourth. This fourth indictment related to healing a patient through a third party. Why this was considered unconstitutional seems a mystery. The fact is, Mrs. Wilmans is being tried by people who are a whole decade behind the world's new thought; people who know nothing of the power of thought and who do not want to know anything about it; had rather not know than to know—so far as her case is concerned. It has been a matter of spite work instigated by some of her employees whom she had discharged for incompetency and dishonesty. Among these persons is a woman whose life she saved when the regular doctors had given her up. Talk of Judas Iscariot! He was white in comparison!

Mrs. Wilmans was found guilty on this one indictment and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and a fine of five hundred dollars. Of course, she refused to comply, and has carried the case up to the appellate court.

This case means much more than was at first supposed. It is a movement that is bound to upset a whole world of injustice; it may go on for years, but when it ends it will end in the most superb victory the race has ever witnessed; not only a victory for Mental Science, but for free thought and equal rights; a victory for the struggling people who are forced down into the world's human dregs by laws that foster the rich at the expense of the poor; it will end in the establishment of honesty and justice and the abolition of the chicanery now manifesting in the many trusts that are ruining this country.

For this end it is now apparent that the right person has been attacked. Helen Wilmans, now at the age of seventy-five, is a mental phenomenon. Braced by her belief in *man*—which means in herself and in the power of the New Thought to conquer all the deadness of the past ages—she is simply holding for all the conditions which are highest and best; conditions that will enable the people to work out their higher lives without hindrance.

Her standpoint is impregnable; in the nature of Truth and Life she cannot be overcome. She herself will overcome every obstacle in the road of the pure and unselfish results she is working out. Let no one imagine that her work is done. It is just beginning. All her previous years have been simply an educational preparation for what is to follow.

No matter what her detractors—prompted by the fear of her leadership—may say; just wait; defer your judgment. Helen Wilmans' future is worth looking forward to.

Converting the Little Ones.

IT is in the education of the little children of the age that real men and women are made, so when we receive such communications as the following we know that there is still hope for the upward growth of the race.

It gives us great pleasure to publish the beautiful picture of this beautiful little girl. With mothers like these for future generations, the world will take mighty strides for the betterment of the race.

The mother of little Nome Leone Vaughn writes:

SEATTLE, WASH., Feb. 12, 1906.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE—Dear Sir: I am sending you a little photograph of our little daughter to fulfill a promise made to her more than a year ago. She was just five years of age at the time this picture was taken—July 25th, 1905. She has never eaten meat except on two or three family occasions, and then she only "tasted" the turkey.



Nome Leone Vaughn.

But last Thanksgiving we were discussing PATH-FINDER ideas and precepts, and I remarked, how nice it would be if our little girl would promise herself never to allow any one to tempt her ever again even with *turkey*, and then perhaps some day she might have her picture in THE PATH-FINDER.

Well, it just struck the right chord, and the way she accepted the suggestion and *promised*, that if mamma would only send her picture the next time she had some new ones, was beautiful to see.

She thinks that every one "knows" THE PATH-FINDER, and has been telling people for over a year when offered meat, "No, thank you, I'm going to have my picture in THE PATH-FINDER, and show

them how nicely a little girl can grow without meat."

The way she sticks to it would be a lesson for grown-ups.

When some one said grandma was going to have chicken, she came running to me saying, "Why, mamma, grandma would not kill a poor dear chickie and make its life go out, would she?" and grandma did not like to have her know she would kill a chicken.

So the good work moves on.

Wishing you the greatest success in the New Year, I am,

Yours sincerely,

(MRS.) LEONE VAUGHN.

The "Hopelessly Sick."

Now, we trust that none of the readers of this magazine will ever find themselves in a condition where they are "hopelessly" sick. If they do and should the bill now being prepared to present to the Ohio legislature to chloroform all persons who are "hopelessly" ill become a law, there will be great danger that the "infection" will spread all over the country, and that some people will be wiped off the face of the earth before the parquet circles on the other side are ready to receive them. With a law like this in effect, there would soon be only standing room in Gabriel's domain—that is, if the doctors are to be allowed to pass judgment on the "hopeless" subjects.

Wouldn't this be a fine let-out for the doctorcraft! Think of the poor devils with not money enough to pay doctor bills, who would be adjudged "hopeless" and sent out via the chloroform route.

And our doctor friends want to go farther; they want also to establish an age limit. That is, they want *all* persons who have passed the age of sixty sent out by the same liquid process. Witness the following press dispatch recently sent out from Columbus, the capital of Ohio:

"Medical societies all over the United States are writing to the committee having in charge the bill to chloroform the hopelessly sick, heartily indorsing the measure. It was this bill for which a young woman recently pleaded before the committee, bursting into tears when her arguments were opposed. She had seen her mother die a lingering death from cancer."

"Today, a letter was received from associations of physicians indorsing the proposition to kill as far west as Marinette, Wis., and Menominee, Mich., not only the hopelessly sick, but also advocating putting to death by chloroform persons over sixty years of age."

Now, why the "proposition to kill as far west as Marinette, Wis., and Menominee, Mich." This is not fair. This would be "class legislation," and hence unconstitutional. Why legislate in this manner of killing to the exclusion of such towns as Oshkosh, Wis., or even Pasa-

dena, Cal.? What have such communities been doing to merit such treatment? Let us be fair to all concerned. Don't let us bestow all our favoritism on the home of the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Governor La Follette, and the State whose every other male inhabitant either is or has been a candidate for President of the United States. Don't do this. Be fair. Come west at least as far as the corn belt of Kansas. It might be well to even reach the summits of Colorado, where a 60-year-old man is so decrepit that it is with great difficulty he climbs Pike's Peak more than once a day.

But, seriously speaking, friends, there is no such thing as "hopelessly sick"—except from the old school doctor's standpoint. That there are millions of people the doctors cannot cure with medicine is a truth whose accuracy the doctors themselves prove every day of the year, and every hour of the day. But that there is such a thing as an incurable disease or a hopelessly sick person, there is no truth in it. Thousands of people are being cured every day that the doctors give up as "hopelessly sick." And thousands more would be cured did not the doctors kill them before a small streak of enlightenment had penetrated the brain of the invalid.

There are no incurables. There are no incurable diseases. Incurables and incurable diseases are only the invention of a profession whose every act in the administration of drugs is malpractice in a most inexcusable and aggravated form.

The young woman whose mother died a "lingering death from cancer" is to be pitied in her ignorance. So was her mother. Any one who dies from a filth disease is to be pitied. The doctors know nothing about the science of purifying the body and getting rid of morbid and effete matter of long standing. The intelligence of this school has never extended beyond cathartic pills.

I knew of a case here in Los Angeles where the sufferer was too weak from disease and suffering to eat anything, yet the doctor would force her to take food into her stomach. The digestive and assimilative organs were too depleted to perform their natural functions. The food lay in a semi-digested state in the stomach, then the doctor gave her a strong cathartic in order to get rid of it, and then he made her eat some more. Of course the woman died. She had no show to get well. The doctor wouldn't let her get well, and he was too self-conceited to throw up the case and give it into the hands of Nature, who would have saved the sick one if given a chance.

But we do not like to disturb these little pleasantries of the old school doctors, only we like to see all healers strike at the root of diseased conditions. The root of most diseases is the doctors themselves. They not only produce diseased condi-

tions, but they perpetuate them. Any system that gives drugs to the sick will produce disease. Any system that will produce disease, should be legislated against.

The time will come when the doctors will not only not be able to hoodwink State legislatures into passing laws protecting them in their methods of destroying life, but they will be compelled to face a criminal charge in every case where drugs are employed as curative agents in the sick room.

Under such conditions the longevity of the race will increase many fold. The man of sixty will be a mere boy again, as he should be under natural conditions.

The doctor will soon be left to take his own chloroform, if it is administered at all.

Frozen Oranges.

MR. PERRY B. SIBLEY, of Kansas City, Mo., writes the editor as follows:

DEAR MR. CONABLE:—I beg to trouble you with a request for a little information. For more than two months all the oranges shipped here from California are very different from any ever sent here before. They are almost juiceless and tasteless, and leave such a taste in your mouth when you have eaten one that you wish never to eat another. The rind will not peel off close to the orange, but leaves a thick and tough white skin that it is difficult to remove. When they stand a week after being purchased from the store the skin becomes as hard and dry as vulcanized rubber, and they are fit only to throw away. They appear as though they had been treated to some kind of preservative, in vapor or otherwise, to save cost of refrigeration. Is the present crop of oranges in California equal to former crops in quality, or have the oranges of which I speak been doped to save expense in shipment? Please send me any information at your command for which I shall remain extremely thankful.

The oranges referred to had unquestionably been frozen. This is the way frozen oranges "act." In sections of Southern California many orange ranches suffered from the severe frosts which prevailed for some little time, but it was not supposed that any ranchman would be guilty of shipping frozen fruit. We understand that there is a law making it a criminal offense for any one to market frozen oranges or oranges that have been frosted. If this is true, the shippers of the oranges referred to should be run down and prosecuted.

A ranch friend of the writer recited an instance to us the other day. An orange grower had a great stack of oranges piled up. He called to our friend to examine them, saying at the same time, "What would you do in a case of this kind?" Our friend picked up an orange

off the pile. He noticed that it was under weight. He cut it open with his knife. He repeated the same test. All the oranges gave evidence of having been frosted. All were light, juiceless and tasteless. Our friend simply said: "I should use these oranges for fertilizing." The rancher replied: "That is about what I have made up my mind to do." But he didn't, our friend said. These oranges were shipped to the Eastern market, and as it happened, this ranchman received \$200 more per carload for these oranges than any the rest of the growers received that season for their best grade of perfect fruit.

In addition to frozen oranges being of no use whatever, they are also poisonous, and it is very dangerous to eat them at all.

Whenever you purchase oranges in the market, they should be first taken in the hand and hefted. If they give evidence of being the least bit underweight, just pass them by. You don't want them. They are dear at any price.

While it is a fact that much of the California fruit is doctored in one way or another, still we believe, up to this time, growers or packers have not been successful in finding a preservative that works well with oranges. At least we are so informed. Many experiments have been made, but none have proven satisfactory.

Most all dried fruits are treated with dangerous compounds. They are generally all sulphured, which gives the fruit that bleached appearance, which makes the consumer think that he is getting a superior quality of fruit. This is the reverse of being true.

Not long since the German government declined to receive in its ports sulphured California apricots. All sulphured goods are dangerous to the consumer. They should be tabooed everywhere and excluded.

At present the government is making an aggressive fight in behalf of pure foods. Several bills are also pending in Congress looking to this same end.

Every grower, manufacturer or vender who adulterates foods should be treated by the law as a criminal and should be punished accordingly.

And it is the same with canned goods. There is no such thing as *good* canned meats or fish, and nearly all canned tomatoes, peas and corn are bad and unwholesome. Nearly all canned condensed milks are rank poison. In California, almost all the fresh cows' milk is rank poison. Embalming fluid is used in nearly all the milk, so the boards of health tell us almost every day.

It is a burning shame that the spirit of commercialism has grown so strong that it has wiped out all traces of honesty in the human anatomy. But such is the case. What shall we do about it?

The Center of Power.

By HELEN WILMANS.

THE LAW is absolute; its only function is to draw atoms together; it creates in obedience to a controlling mind; it means life and not death; it has no recognition of death. We must come into a full understanding of this fact, if we would be saved; it is the understanding of this fact that saves; by our understanding it we become one with it, and thereby deathless.

In the old life of shadows that we are now leaving—the unconscious life—we were what we believed. Belief is not a staple basis of existence; it is subject to continual fluctuation; only absolute knowledge can be depended upon. In the true life, the life of conscious realities, we shall be what we *know*; there will be no belief about it; it will be *knowing*; unchangeable certainty. True *being* is true knowing.

To *know* my true position as master of all things, not merely to *believe* it, will compel my mastery to express itself functionally on the external plane. But to come into a full understanding of this fact requires a tremendous course of reasoning, such as that worked out in The Wilmans Home Course in Mental Science.

Nothing short of the knowledge of one's personal mastery is salvation. The *will* is the man; the animal will is the man on the animal plane, and the divine will—which is the brute will educated to nobler ambitions—is the man on the divine plane. It is the same will, but directed toward different objects.

The will is the "I." It is the seed germ of individuality; weaken it and you weaken the individual so that anything may happen to him; destroy it and there is nothing left of the man but his shell.

Strengthen the will, and the man grows stronger and begins to cast off his environments; strengthen it more still and he throws off every shackle and emerges from the very shades of death itself into the clear sunlight on the road of unbroken progression.

The subject of the will perplexed me for a long time. I was in the transitional period between the animal will and the higher will, born of reason; the will that I call divine. It used to be, when I called my will into exercise that a world of opposition would arise in my mind, and I felt it necessary to fight this opposition down. This rendered my position antagonistic, and of course it became tiresome to maintain it; indeed it eventually became impossible to maintain it in the presence of the growing sense of harmony that was taking possession of me.

So after a time I began to cast about for some other faculty besides the will. I thought of desire and of love; but de-

sire and love are only weaker names for will; all three are really the same thing in different degrees of strength. I might affirm "I am a living desire," or "a living love," without inducing any particular sense of power; but when I said "I am a living will" the strength would instantly pulsate in every nerve of my body. Always, however, this strength would soon call forth an army of opponents to my will, and the mental clash would begin.

Finally I grew to be almost afraid of the word; this fear was no doubt backed by the world's opinion which is directly opposed to the individual will; Christian Science and Divine Science were both against me on this point; they believed in no will but what they called the will of God; they believed in God's will even while occupying the anomalous position of not believing in God as a personal power. That which is impersonal cannot be possessed of a will. Will belongs to personality; but they did not consider this; they were satisfied to deny the force of my position without substituting a better one. The very idea of a personal will seemed heretical to them; and indeed for awhile it did seem a very demon of a word to awaken so much opposition within my own organism, and out of it, too.

At last the solution came that justified my use of it, and established it at the head of all the words of power the human tongue can speak.

I discovered that there was no real opposition to the supremacy of the higher will; the will born of reason; the opposition was something reflected upon my mind by the world's mistaken beliefs; it was a shadow. With this knowledge the opposition to the action of the intelligent will was withdrawn, and I began to see the mastery guaranteed me. And yet it is slow work to hold this position; it is a matter of growth, and will still continue to be so before I can realize its full force. One constantly slides back into the doubting condition; and this is unavoidable in the present state of the world's advancement. The *negation* or the *denial* of the will pervades the entire race, so that its affirmation, or its intelligent sanction by a few people, has scarcely breathing space as yet. It is like a few seeds scattered over a desert wilderness where the soil is unprepared for its reception. Therefore it gathers force slowly.

Under these circumstances, one will often feel an unrest or an impatience at its slow progress; but this must be guarded against by the thought that we have all the time there is in which to grow. This truth calms the mind so that helpful thoughts will flock in and fill it with

splendid visions of the possibilities of the human race.

It must not be forgotten that we are children just beginning the study of how to throw off our swaddling clothes and walk without assistance. Up to this time the children of our race have never emerged from childhood, not one of them has ever stood entirely alone. How can we expect strength; how can we expect conquest under the circumstances? Emerson spoke of us as "a mush of concession"; each one leaning on the next one, and not an ounce of individuality in the whole pot.

Individualism is something to be attained by the cultivation of the intelligent will; and nothing but individualism is going to save us or to render us worth saving. To stand alone is the only position of strength; and to learn to stand alone is worth the attempt; though it takes more time to accomplish it than the three score and ten years allotted to us. Even the attempt to stand alone, however, will stretch out the three score and ten indefinitely, or until success has crowned the effort.

One of the best and most important affirmations with which a student can exorcise the feeling of impatience is this: "*I have no anxiety about anything.*" This denial relaxes all mental tension, and gives room for the action of the intelligent will in the body. This denial if practised understandingly is pledged to cure every small ailment you have.

A little mental argument on the subject of anxiety will soon put you in a position to deny it understandingly. For instance, this:

"What good has anxiety ever done me? Have I ever made or saved anything by it? Has it ever really carried me across any bridge before I reached the bridge? No, and even then it did not lift me over. Has anxiety ever been anything to me but a hindrance and a drawback? No. Has it ever created any good whatever? No. Is it creative in the line of good at all? No. What does it create? Phantoms that alarm me and prevent me from engaging in useful activities. Then why not cast it out of the mind, and dare the consequence of a little brave thought?"

Surely every sane person will attempt to do so. And there is only one way to do it; it is by unequivocal denial. "I have no anxiety; I do not have to nourish an unfounded thought that tortures me every moment and prevents the fulfillment of my desires."

This denial will need to be repeated frequently perhaps before producing the desired effect; our minds are habituated to the load of anxiety we have borne so long, and they cannot readily adapt themselves to anything else. Up to this time we have thought of almost nothing except our anxieties. I will leave it to any middle-aged person alive if it is not

true that our anxieties rather than our hopes take possession of us with our earliest awakening thought, and hold possession until we fall asleep again at night. Even our hopes when we trust ourselves to hope, are clouded by anxiety lest something unforeseen may hinder their fulfilment.

When I first began to deny my anxieties, I was astonished at their number; I soon began to ask myself what would be left of me when they were gone; and I can honestly say that there was almost nothing left; just the small amount of will power that I could recognize was all that kept my anxieties from swamping me. I was affirming my will power all I possibly could from an intellectual standpoint, but I made slow headway against the constant incoming wave of anxieties whose flow scarcely seemed to slacken at all for years.

And I still continue to deny anxiety; I drop it from my mind; at last my denials are clearing a space about me, so that my desires are finding more ready fulfilment. 'This is growth. It is expansion, the concentration and the strengthening of my individuality.

The world is rapidly waking up on the subject of its own salvation, and all sorts of schemes for this purpose are being set afloat from the teeming brains of those who are beginning to think, but whose thought is not yet emancipated from the superstitious dogmas of the past centuries; therefore every bit of this thought is tintured with the idea that salvation is to come some other way than by the development of the individual's own selfhood. It must have its rabbit's foot to work miracles for it. Listen to the various teachers; one will give you a new method of breathing, purely artificial, and of no use at all. Another will give you something to do and say—parrot-like—like that New York teacher who tells her students to look up and back and pronounce the name of Jesus when they go to heal the sick, and the sickness will disappear.

There are very few patients who can put faith in such nonsense. And the same may be said of the many divisions into which Christian Science is now split up; almost every one of these divisions is prescribing its own special fetch for the cure of disease, and the salvation of the individual. Almost all of them are crying out against the thought of making the most of one's individuality by *self-assertion*; by the cultivation of the individual will. They say this is making salvation *personal*; and so it is. What good is salvation if it is not personal? What good will it do me to spend eternity in magnifying the claims of Jesus or Napoleon Bonaparte or Trilby? I do not want to be extinguished in anybody's light, nor I do not want anybody's light extinguished in my light. I love your individuality, almost as well as my own. I cannot do

without you; I crave the presence of other individuals; I am constructed on a social plan and do not want to be the whole thing.

But, say our Christian friends, you are making a god of yourself. Yes, this is true; but it is only half true; I am also making gods of them; and of all those who will enter the school of self-evolution and trust the powers of their own mentality in the continuous expansion of their ideas until they shall have outgrown the necessity of having some one to lean on, and shall feel within themselves the strength that refuses crutches or any other help except that which their own intelligence supplies.

The will expresses itself in thought; it attracts to itself what it needs through the power of thought. Thought is the creative function, and I now make the boldest statement ever put in print; it is this:

There is no need to search for truth when one can create truth by thought based upon a high development of the reasoning powers.

In other words man has the capacity and the privilege of assuming a function that heretofore has been accredited to "God" exclusively. He is his own creator, though at this time he drags through a wretched existence in ignorance of the fact; in ignorance of the mighty truth on which individualism rests—namely, that he is a *living will*.

He does not know that the will is really the man; that it has formed all his organs of sense, and built his brain so that now at last the brain begins to recognize the true situation.

If a man will only *drave* his wandering thoughts home in an act of concentration, he cannot fail to see that the will is the *centre of power* within him; that it projects every plan and directs every effort he makes. It is the life germ in the seed from whose impulse everything starts;

every movement possible to the creature has its rise in this central, dominant thing. How to carry out and make visible and tangible these suggestions of the will is the function of the intelligence. And here we have the man complete, *the will to suggest, and the intellect to clothe the suggestion with expression* in activity or use.

In early stages of race growth the intelligence acts blindly; it acts in unconscious or unreasoning obedience to the impulses of the will. This condition denotes the animal plane. And, with here and there a rare exception, men are on the animal plane now. They are accepting life as it happens to come to them, making no effort to reason on it, caring no more for a solution of its great mystery than the cattle in their fields. They are not seeking an explanation of the great central life impulse within them—the *will*—they are not striving to find its relation to the intellect and thereby get an understanding of themselves, and until they do this they will remain on the animal plane, only one grade higher than the animals.

To think; this is the thing that distinguishes man from "the beast that perishes." Note the sentence, "The beast that perishes;" man, when he has arrived at true manhood through the use of his reasoning powers will cease to perish.

Up to this time all men have perished; and I say boldly that it is by their ignorance that they have perished, and not by the decree of God or fate. Furthermore it is time they quit perishing; and the time has come for them to quit. The knowledge of how to quit is here; it only requires mental application to discover it.

The mental is not lacking in man at the present time; the vitality to use the mental may be lacking, but vitality is a thing of cultivation. To him who knocks the door shall be opened.

The Evolution of God.

NUMBER 10.

"And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them:

"And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these; so that the one came not near the other all night.

"And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided.

"And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

"And the Egyptians pursued, and went in

after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen.

"And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians,

"And took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily; so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel: for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen.

"And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egypt-

tians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

"And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them: there remained not so much as one of them.

"But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

"Thus the Lord saved Israel that day, out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore.

"And Israel saw the great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians; and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and His servant Moses."—(Exodus, Chap. 14; verses 19-31.)

Such is the graphic and poetic account given in the book of Exodus of the final delivery of the children of Israel from the bondage of the Egyptians. But, as has been already stated in these articles, there is absolutely *no historical truth* in the narrative contained in the Pentateuch, as "the five books of Moses" have been named. Moreover, Moses himself is now believed to have been a mythical personage; and it is known for a certainty that the portion of the Bible which goes by his name was compiled or written whole centuries after the time during which he is supposed to have lived. These are "the stern facts" which modern research and modern scholarship have of late years been revealing to us.

The biblical narrative just quoted contains an account of what has been regarded as one of the greatest—if not *the very greatest*—of all the miracles recorded in Holy Writ. What a disillusioning, therefore, to know that such an event never occurred! And what a loss to *grown-up children* who have been fed with such sanctified "nursery tales"! But in these days of accurate knowledge *actual men* must be supplied with food suitable for them; and they are everywhere, in spite of the thunders and the anathemas of "The Church," putting away from them "childish things." Indeed, too long already have gross Ignorance, the boundless Credulity which waits on Ignorance, and the knavish cunning and audacity of Priestlyism, kept the human race in religious swaddling clothes.

In this article we wish, as briefly as possible, to consider the subject of Miracles, devoting some space to an examination of the hitherto-believed-in miracle of the "Crossing of the Red Sea," as already described in the words of Exodus.

The word *Miracle* is defined (in the Standard Dictionary) as "an event apparently transcending the power of ordinary natural agencies; an event not attributable to known natural powers; hence, anything that inspires wonder or admiration. *A wonder.*" In illustration of this meaning, the following quotation from the celebrated work on *Logic*, by Archbishop Whately (of Dublin), is given: "But if any one perform what is beyond the natural powers of man uni-

versally, he has performed a *miracle.*"

In theology, a miracle is regarded (see also Standard Dictionary) as "An event in the natural world, but out of the established order, and possible only by the interference and exertion of divine power; a supernatural event." As an illustration of this more specific meaning, the following is therein given: "A *miracle* is (1) an event occurring in the physical world, capable of being discerned and discriminated by the bodily senses; (2) of such a character that it can be rationally referred to no other cause than the immediate volition of God; (3) accompanying a religious teacher and designed to authenticate his divine commission, and the truth of his message."—A. A. Hodge, *Outlines of Theology*, Chap., 1, p. 275."

This is what orthodoxy has hitherto been teaching; and it will thus be seen that a miracle has been considered by "The Church" as "a violation or suspension of—or an interference with—the Laws of Nature"; or as something performed *in defiance of or above* the Laws of Nature. In this sense it has also been described as "an extraordinary operation cognizable by the senses, which has its course, not in the order of Nature as known to us, but in God." But there is actually nothing that can be called "supernatural" in respect of the phenomena of Nature; and nothing has ever been done or accomplished by anyone, *not even by Christ himself*, that was not strictly in harmony with—or in subordination to—the Laws of Nature, as we now recognize them. In other words, everything so done is according to—or subject to—Nature. The God that we *now* know cannot set aside his own laws for any purpose; and whatever the same God may have wrought for—or through the agency of—men, in order to make Himself more fully known, during the Historical Period of the human race, the very same—*nothing more and nothing less*—did He also perform during the strictly Prehistoric Period, when the majority of all the so-called Miracles are declared to have taken place. In our Article No. 4, we stated that "There never was any such series of events as we call 'The Creation,' which means the bringing into existence of the Universe, as we now know it, *out of nothing*. According to God's recognized methods of accomplishment, such stupendous phenomena were altogether *impossible*. For the Eternal One *cannot lie* (see Hebrews vi: 18) nor could He, even for a moment, set aside the Laws of Nature which He Himself has established. It is on record that Christ refused to break those same Laws, when he ignored the suggestion of the Devil to leap down from the pinnacle of the Temple, into the valley four hundred feet below. And the words of his refusal are full of significance: 'It is written again, Thou shalt not *tempt* the Lord

thy God' (St. Matt. iv: 5-7). *The Laws of Nature are the only Laws of God of which we know anything.*"

Our meaning in this quotation was quite clear and plain, namely, that *no divine power could have saved Christ, or prevented him from being dashed to pieces*, if he had taken the leap suggested in the story, which, in itself, is purely allegorical, and not historical. Such an act would, even to him, have been "a presumptuous sin," from which especially "The Scriptures of God" have taught us to pray for deliverance. "The Eternal One" is also "The Unchangeable One," not a Fetish that can be supposedly propitiated or influenced by any prayers or devotions (such, for instance, as *praying for rain*) that either a church or an individual can offer to Him. It is possible, however, for men to receive an answer to prayer *subjectively*; for if they desire and strive for the possession of any grace or virtue, or even of good health, the very condition of mind which prompts the prayer will very frequently beget the thing for which they ask, in accordance with the laws of auto-suggestion, as these are now understood.

Then, again, so-called "answers to prayer" for human help in time of trouble can all be explained *naturally*, according to the recognized laws of telepathy.

As a passing thought, we would remark that "The Age of Miracles," so far from being *past*, as men have been taught to believe, is only now apparently beginning. The God that is *in men's souls* seems to have gotten also into the machinery of man's inventing:—the printing press, the electric dynamo, the wonderful marine engine, and even the simple but marvelous sewing-machine. Do they not seem to you as the veritable expression of the *divine power that belongs to the soul of the human race*?—Visiting the generating room, a few days ago, of the Edison Electric Company (East 4th street, Los Angeles), there we saw literally wonders, marvels, and miracles being every moment performed. The capable and intelligent engineer went about his work reverently, as if he were in a sacred temple, rather than in a mere engine-room, where common work was to be done. Asking him the question, "What is electricity?" he gravely replied, "I don't know." And *no one knows* what electricity is, otherwise than as an expression of Force or Energy:—of the same mysterious force or energy which is everywhere and in everything, and which we conveniently call God. And *if we knew what electricity is—or what a stone or flower is—then we should know what God is.* Yes: "The Age of Miracles" has, indeed, merely begun: that is, in relation to the human race, and as to what man may be enabled hereafter to accomplish through his knowledge of—and mastery over—the Laws of Nature, which find expression in many ways

other than through what is merely physical.

We would finish this article with an account of what we ourselves witnessed that was truly miraculous in relation to the wind and its power over the sea, as showing the possible basis of fact upon which such Myths as "The crossing of the Red Sea" were in ancient times founded. During the Vernal Equinox of 1883, in March or April, a terrific storm swept over Scotland from the North Sea, the wind being nearly due east. Such was the force of the hurricane that, when the tide went down in the estuary of the River Clyde, at Greenock, it was prevented from returning in the usual manner for more than twenty-four hours. Two tides were missed in this manner; and during a whole day, from dawn to dark, a spectacle was presented that would have filled "the ancients" with terror, and would have sent them to their temples to offer "propitiatory sacrifices" to the wind and sea gods (Æolus and Neptune), of whose power they would have been afraid. Standing in the beautiful cemetery overlooking the Clyde, on the unique monument of stones, heaped up in pyramidal form and gathered from all ends of the earth by reverent Scotsmen in honor of James Watts, the inventor of the steam-engine, we saw what human ken had never before witnessed from that romantic spot. The waters of the sea seemed to have been driven altogether out of the firth; and there, meandering in its ancient bed could be seen the Clyde, hemmed in with great banks of sand which had never before come to the view of "the oldest inhabitant," and over which, ordinarily, floated the great ships that came and went to and from Glasgow, "the second city in the British Empire." If such an incident had taken place in the ancient times, when there were no newspapers, or telegraphs, or railways, and when people, from want of means of communication, actually did not know what was passing "in the next parish" or half-a-dozen miles from their own doors; then the event would have been chronicled as "a miracle" of portentous character, a supernatural demonstration of the power of the Deity, and would have been magnified by Rumor and Gossip (aided by Ignorance and Superstition) a hundred-fold. It would also have been used as a means of prognosticating evil, according to the character of their religion and the superstitious fear which bound them through life to the cunning and knavish priesthood, which in all ages has made miracles, so-called, their means of extorting from the ignorant people all the money and property upon which they could lay their hands.

In conclusion, it is good to note that the scholars of the age are helping to give a final quietus to the absurd teaching and practices of "The Church" with regard to miracles. In his book, just published,

on "The Finality of the Christian Religion," Professor Foster, of the University of Chicago, has written thus on the subject:—"To the scientific understanding of the world, and to the intellectual habitude superinduced by science, a miracle cannot be admitted. Miraculous narratives like the biblical, originating from no observers who possessed sufficient knowledge of the relations and laws of nature to have a right to pronounce upon such matters, have no scientific importance. And the orthodox exaction of 'faith' in such stories; out of all relation with everything we know, must forever be no less antagonistic to the higher activities of true faith than it is stultifying to science and common sense. An intelligent man who now affirms his faith in such stories as actual facts can hardly know what intellectual honesty means.

"It is customary to commend faith in the miraculous as the only faith that is in a position to give God the honor which is due, to lay hold of His grace, to recognize the glory of Christ, to appropriate the fruit of his life and death, and, amid universal uncertainty, to find a firm rock on which one may stand. *This is an illusion.*" (The italics here are ours.)

This statement, precise as logic and historical fact could make it, seems to us most appropriately—for the moment at least—to sum up the whole matter. There never was, and never will be, any miracles performed except such as are in accordance with—or are the direct result of—the Laws of Nature, physical, psychical, or spiritually within ourselves, through which alone the Deity communicates His will to us, and controls our destiny. K.

What Is Life? And the Answer.

By THOMAS POWELL, M. D.

(In Two Parts) No. 1.

MANY centuries have passed into history since the extremely interesting question, "What is Life?" was first propounded, and notwithstanding the fact that it has been discussed on innumerable occasions and by the ablest minds that are known to the annals of science, it is still unanswered, as will be seen by reference to an article which appeared in the May number of the North American Review, and over the signature of the generally acknowledged leader of the scientific world, Sir Oliver Lodge. After referring at considerable length and in elegant terms to that which has long been regarded by scientists in general as a "living animal cell" and the "physical basis of life," this justly famous individual took occasion to declare that: "... to the question what life is we have as yet no answer."

More than a quarter of a century ago I set out with the definite purpose of finding the best possible answer to this great fundamental question, and proceeded in accordance with the assumption that animal Life, as we are capable of knowing it, is nothing more nor less than the sum, or aggregate effect of these agencies on which vitomotive phenomena depend. My preliminary studies made it appear that animal life depends upon the harmonious performance of five distinct agencies, namely, the ego or volitional, the instinctive or automatic, and the physical, the nervous and the thermal forces. It seemed to be perfectly evident that the first and second of these forces are as far beyond the range of the human intellect as gravitation, electricity and chemical affinity were long before conceded to be.

I confined my efforts, therefore, to the work of determining those agencies through which the inherent and unknowable vital entities find expression, namely the physical, nervous and thermal energies. I could but believe that a definite knowledge of these forms of energy and of the rules by which they are governed, would constitute the best answer that could be given to the question, *what is life?*

The scientific world has long possessed an inkling of the nature, origin and modus operandi of the nervous and thermal energies, but it had manifested not so much as the slightest conception of that power which evinces its superiority over the other vital forces by keeping the vital machinery in motion from the beginning to the end of life. In the September, 1902, number of Science, the late Prof. R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University, not only referred to the marvelous efficiency of the power that propels the vital machine, but declared that:

"The biologist can give microscopic measures and micro-photographic pictures of the tissues, and can trace a nerve to its minutest ramifications; but we have yet to learn the secrets of the source of life, of method of production and application of energies, of those transformations that give form, structure, life, and power to the organism of monad or of man. He measures the heat of the animal body, but biologist, chemist, physicist and engineer, all together, give us nothing of the method of its production. They know, to an ounce, the power per cubic inch or per pound of the muscle, but neither one nor all can say how that power is

originated, how transferred or how exerted by the transmitting threads of working muscle."

Seeing the importance of this most powerful factor, I determined not only to find out what it is, but to give it a new and fairly descriptive name. And being unable to originate a more satisfactory term, I ventured to call it the Vito-Motive-Force.

The correctness of my assumption that the Vitomotive Force involved the key to the mysteries of life is evinced by the fact that it is regnant in all vital operations, whether feeble or powerful, normal or abnormal; its reign is limited only by the boundaries of the vast domain of animated nature, not so much as the slightest movement of the whole or of any individual part of any living creature being at all possible without it. If the mandates of the will are to be executed, the power that actuates the muscles must be the chief executive; if the instinctive decrees are to be carried into effect, the vitomotive force must be at the bottom of the work. In short, upon the vitomotive-force chiefly depend all labor, all locomotion, all prehension, all mastication, all deglutition, all digestion, all absorption, all cardiac propulsion, all vascular transportation, all secretion and all excretion, or elimination.

The relation of the agent in question to morbid phenomena may be expressed in aphorismic form by saying: *Where the vito-motive-force is plentiful and free health is; where it is diminished or repressed disease is; where it is entirely wanting death is.*

In short, it appeared to be a safe conclusion that the inherent vital entities, volitional and instinctive, plus the vitomotive-force and its auxiliary agencies, nervous, and thermal, is LIFE, and that the rules that obtain in the maintenance, co-ordination and performance of these forces are the LAWS OF LIFE.

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aid us very materially in the comprehension of the fact that the vital energies are derived from the food we eat.

It is a well-known fact that plant substance and other organic materials owe their energy-dispensing attributes to their combustible elements—to the carbon and hydrogen that they contain,—and that these elements are presented to the growing plant (the laboratory in which organic matter is originated) in the shape of *oxygen compounds*, the former in the shape of *carbon dioxide gas*, and the latter in that of *hydrogen oxide*, commonly called water. These oxygen compounds are absorbed by the plant from the earth and the atmosphere and on meeting in the plant leaf they are broken into their respective elements by the co-operative action of two well-known forms of energy, the solar radiations and the inherent vital principles of the plant.

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Be it noted in passing that plants are built up at the expense of *chemical separation*; that it is broken down by the reverse process of *chemical union*, and that the energy expended in the former finds its exact equivalent in that developed by

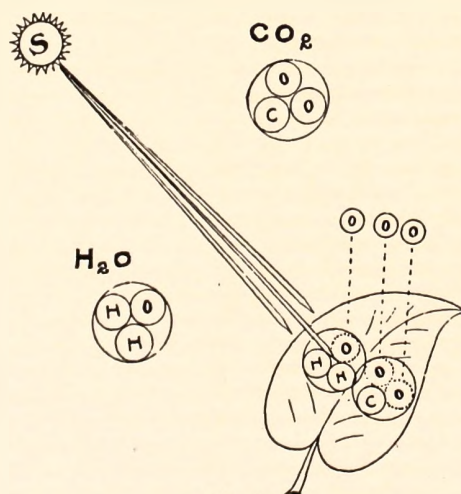


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them. For this reason the most delicate, or unstable, of all organic substances cannot be decomposed without the assistance of a tertium quid, or third agent, of which there are many kinds. The category of such agents embraces the germs of decay, every living creature, the nervous influence, the electric current and the glowing heat of combustion. In short, the oxygen of the air we breathe cannot enter into combination with the carbon of the food we eat without the intervention of the nervous influence or of the very similar agent, the electric current. In other words, the carbon and oxygen that are mingled together in those elements of power which are called red blood corpuscles never unite until they are forced to do so by the nervous influence, the agent through which the mandates of the will and of the vital instincts are conveyed and executed. The truth of this will appear later on in this connection.

The moment the stability of the food stored in the cells, or of any other organic substance is overcome, the triad of chemical agents above referred to: viz., carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, rush into mutual embrace and with a vehemence which is the exact equivalent of the energies—solar and vital—which were expended in the event of growth for the purpose of effecting their separation.

In consequence of that reunion of these elements which takes place in the cells of which the muscles and nerves are composed, the three forms of energy on which animal life depends are produced: namely, the nervous influence, animal heat and the vito-motive-force.

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—On Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, the residence district of the city's great millionaires, according to a newspaper dispatch, only one child has been born during the past eight years. A little strange and unusual, it would seem. One would naturally suppose that that fellow would get around oftener.

—The Conable Publishing Co. will send *five* copies of each number of this magazine to any one address one year for one dollar. Spread the gospel, friends, and send in several thousand of these orders during the next few months. By introducing the publication this way many of your friends will wish to subscribe. For every ten subscriptions sent in at the 25-cent rate, we will give a cash commission of one dollar.

—So Anna, nee Gould, has at last got a glimpse of the inside habits of her husband, the French Count. We felt mighty sorry when this wedding was announced. An American woman, who really expects something from a husband, will always get the worst of it when she marries a Frenchman. Only a French woman is suitable for a Frenchman. A French woman knows that when she gets married she will get nothing worth speaking of from her husband in the way of a happy home life, so she at once proceeds to do likewise—the same as her spouse. Occasionally you hear of a challenge and a "duel," but not very often. Neither man nor woman is worth fighting over, though of the two the woman is the su-

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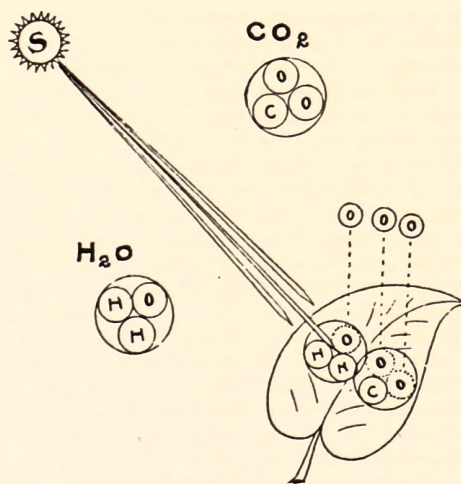


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—Some very strange things are taking place these days. When Chicago police authorities take it upon themselves to censor the naughty playhouses of the city, we may reasonably look for the miraculous to happen.

—It is what we do and are doing to-day and what we expect to do tomorrow, that counts to our credit. What we have been in the past interests no one. He who lives in the field of reminiscences, gropes in darkness. We must be abreast of the times else Time will trample us underfoot.

—On Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, the residence district of the city's great millionaires, according to a newspaper dispatch, only one child has been born during the past eight years. A little strange and unusual, it would seem. One would naturally suppose that that fellow would get around oftener.

—The Conable Publishing Co. will send *five* copies of each number of this magazine to any one address one year for one dollar. Spread the gospel, friends, and send in several thousand of these orders during the next few months. By introducing the publication this way many of your friends will wish to subscribe. For every ten subscriptions sent in at the 25-cent rate, we will give a cash commission of one dollar.

—So Anna, nee Gould, has at last got a glimpse of the inside habits of her husband, the French Count. We felt mighty sorry when this wedding was announced. An American woman, who really expects something from a husband, will always get the worst of it when she marries a Frenchman. Only a French woman is suitable for a Frenchman. A French woman knows that when she gets married she will get nothing worth speaking of from her husband in the way of a happy home life, so she at once proceeds to do likewise—the same as her spouse. Occasionally you hear of a challenge and a "duel," but not very often. Neither man nor woman is worth fighting over, though of the two the woman is the su-

perior in every way, except—in self-conceit and brazen egotism. In this last the Frenchman has no parallel in the wide world. We speak of the French nation as a whole. Here and there we may find individual exceptions, but they are rare.

—Dr. Thomas Powell, of the Powell Sanatorium, Los Angeles, contributes a wonderfully clear and scientific article to the columns of this number of THE PATH-FINDER. Dr. Powell is making great inroads on old school methods, and best of all is, he is curing his patients. What the world needs is doctors who know enough to cure; not the class who are obliged to fly to the protection of State legislatures to legalize their killing methods.

—Southern California is just now clothed in her greenest raiment, and when California is green, she is the greenest thing extant. And when she is brown—well, there is nothing any browner. We summer here in the winter—that is, sometimes we do; and our summers are handed up from the tropics by day and from Alaska by night. So you see the native Californian never lacks for variety. The rest of the climate is manufactured by the real estate men.

—Oranges are just beginning to get fit to eat here in California. They have been "high class" in the East for many months, but here where we grow them, they are practically unripe up to the first of March. It is remarkable the amount of green, doctored stuff we are able to work off on the "effete East," and apparently without a protest. Still when the record is made up in the patent nostrum factories of the East, we have little to brag over. It is about a stand-off—a fair exchange of poisons.

—The lady whose letter to Mr. Conable was published in the Path-Finder of August, under the caption, "A Chance of a Lifetime," desires to thank those who so kindly wrote her in response to that letter, and states that her life is so busy that it has been impossible for her to find time to give personal answers to most of them, there being so many; but she assures each one of them that each letter was greatly appreciated, because of the spirit in which they were written.

—The Los Angeles health department is certainly doing a good work, not only for the city, but for the country at large. A city ordinance is being enforced which demands that publicity of all manufacturers of adulterated and poisonous foods be given. The city chemist has just analyzed twelve different brands of canned dried beef. Every brand contained a harmful preservative, but two in particular—the "White Label Brand" and the "Magnet Brand," both put up by Armour & Co., of Kansas City, contained large quantities of boracic acid. Recently a

Los Angeles woman died from the effects of eating canned sardines. Let these facts go forth broadcast throughout the land. It is also known that leprosy lurks in canned salmon.

—We are sorry to see our old friend, Chauncey Depew, dropping out of sight so rapidly. We used to be a great admirer of Chauncey—years ago when he paid more attention to saying things which brought good cheer and the humorous side of life to the surface than he did in buying seats in the United States Senate with other people's money. It is said that the terrible strain on Depew since the beginning of the Equitable Insurance investigation has changed the man completely. He is old and broken down and cannot last many years. Truly the wages of sin are not reckoned on an eight-hour basis. The burning humiliation of sinning is being caught. Chauncey was trapped red-handed. He goes down in disgrace along with the other life insurance transgressors.

—Some workmen were digging a big hole on the side of one of the principal streets in Los Angeles recently. A stranger accosted me with this query: "Is the city putting in wind-mills for water supply?" "I don't think so," I replied; "simply putting in drains to take care of the overflow from the Los Angeles river; that's all." Strange, the amount of ignorance these Easterners display.

—From the elevation of our front porch each morning, we look down upon the fog-canopied city below. It is a beautiful sight. It looks as though it were possible to step right out on this dense precipitate and glide over the tops of the highest towers lying below us, and not disturb even a real estate man. But by and by old Sol takes one long, deep gulp, and the cloud-mists have completely vanished. And this makes it less embarrassing for the omnipresent climatic liar.

—Mrs. Wilmans will not return to California—that is, not for a year or more; perhaps never. Her property in Los Angeles is for sale. Mrs. Wilmans liked Los Angeles. We believe that we are justified in saying that she still has a warm place in her heart for the "Angel" metropolis. But business duties and other responsibilities at the Florida seaside must have her first undivided attention. All Path-Finder friends are requested to read the announcement in another column of "The Wilmans-Powers School of Mental Healing." Mrs. Wilmans has been and still unquestionably is, the greatest and most successful healer and teacher in this country. Thousands of people will be greatly interested in this announcement.

—And now they are charging Bryan with being responsible for the Boxer as-

saults in China against foreigners—especially against Americans. Bryan recently told our Celestial friends that this country would never revise the Chinese exclusion act; that this country would never tolerate a revision of this law that would permit of Chinamen coming to this country to compete with home labor. This is all right. We believe in the principle, but let us extend it to other nations of the globe. A million a year is now the record of pauper foreigners coming to this country from nations outside of China. The day is not far distant, should this influx continue, when criminal Europe will rule this country. It comes very near it now in some of the

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large cities and in many manufacturing districts.

—It is not because of remorse over the crimes committed by many of our "great" men that is causing them to go into retirement, commit suicide and otherwise dispose of themselves. It is because they are found out. A District Judge once said when he was asked what he would do with a man who was brought up before him on the charge of gambling (the Judge himself being a notorious gambler), "I would fine him for being caught." It is being caught that gets us into trouble—here on this earth plane. And every criminal gets caught sooner or later. It is a hard road to travel—this being United States Senators and Presidents of Life Insurance companies. It breaks our hearts to have to give up what we have stolen from the people—especially when we have assumed the responsibility of donating the people's money to a political campaign fund.

—President Roosevelt's daughter, Miss Alice, and Congressman Longworth, of Ohio, were married at high noon February 17th, at the White House, Washington. Miss Alice had won the love and admiration of all the people by her womanly bearing and grace of manners. She had just passed through the critical inspection of both the men and the women of two strange continents. She kept her head throughout. She is a typical American girl, possessing many of the strongly marked characteristics of both father and mother. The Ohio Congressman is to be congratulated. As for the groom, he has most brilliant prospects. He is full of ambition and the spirit that leads men to the top of the ladder. His upward strides are not likely to be checked. A whole nation has been interested in this event. We may all now relapse into a normal state of mind and breathe easier.

—Recently Helen Wilmans and daughter, Mrs. Ada Powers, returned to Florida from Los Angeles because of business engagements connected with the suit of Mrs. Wilmans in the Federal Court at Jacksonville, Fla. It is unnecessary to go into a detailed account of this trial further than to say that Mrs. Wilmans won out on three of the four indictments against her, and she has appealed the remaining one to the Appellate Court for a hearing some time in the future. This fight for right and justice has been a long, hard one, but the great Mental Science advocate has never for a moment swerved from her duty. The superhuman efforts of a great commonwealth and the United States government to silence this woman's pen have proved futile. She stands forth today practically acquitted—a more powerful advocate of right and justice than ever before. The

world is again waiting for the flow of her thoughts. She will proclaim the philosophy of life to a million anxious listeners long before Time's Cycle congeals the purple moisture on the point of her gifted pen.

—What is the matter with the clergy these days? One minister in Philadelphia calls another minister a "vociferous and pessimistic cur." That is about the worst we have ever heard of. It is certainly bad enough to be called an optimistic cur. When will our Christian brethren dwell together in unity and cease to scrap? The old Quaker City seems to be degenerating rapidly. What has become of John Wanamaker and his Sunday school? We have heard nothing about John Standard Oil, Jr., forming a Sunday school combine with the Philadelphia merchant prince. By the way, while we are in the trust and combine business, why not combine all the church denominations and work the whole religious business from one central station? If combines are productive of greater results than the simple go-as-you-please or catch-as-catch-can systems, we had best reorganize on modern lines. But Christ needed no church at all. He taught the religion of brotherly love and the fellowship of man in all its beauty and gentleness. Oh! for a religion today that teaches *Christianity*. The schools that turn out "pessimistic curs" in Prince Albert attire are not calculated to greatly benefit the race.

—There was an instantaneous, mysterious and inexplicable disappearance in connection with an article in February PATH-FINDER that has had the effect to increase the size of the bald spot on the top of our cranium two-fold. It was a small matter in point of size, but mighty in its effect. It was the disappearance of a single line of type. The good Lord only knows where it went to, and we have not yet succeeded in extracting the desired information from Him. This particular line took flight from either the bottom of the last column of the sixth page, or the top of the first column on the seventh page. At the bottom of the last column on the sixth page we read: "The rallying cry is and will be."—Here the thing stops short, and we take up the word "ship" at the top of the next column. Now this is quite uncertain and somewhat indefinite and ambiguous except to the fellow who wrote the article, and we have not yet had time to communicate what we wrote to all PATH-FINDER readers via the mental process. Hence this little explanation. The missing line would have read, with its previous connection: "The rallying cry is and will be, "Government and Municipal Ownership." With this sentence incomplete, as it was, some people would scarcely know what we were talking about.

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Then there are other contributors who are greatly enjoyed. In November and December numbers will appear two timely papers by Charlotte Martindell, on "Child Development." And with the December number begins a series of articles of vital importance to every student of life; by Ella Adella Fletcher, author of "The Woman Beautiful." Miss Fletcher's articles deal with the subject of "The Rhythmic Law of Breath," which she has investigated for years, both in study and in personal experiment, and there is a "New Thought in the Kitchen" department, edited by Riley M. Fletcher Berry, the famous authority on food combinations.

The subscription price of The Nautilus is only 50 cents a year; and if you order NOW the publisher will send you the rest of this year's numbers and all of 1906—14 months for 50 cents. Or you can have a four months trial subscription for 10 cents. Send direct to ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. P. Holyoke, Mass.

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proposition will date from the first issue after order is received. All back numbers will be 10c per copy.

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